

Chip couldn't think of anything he liked to do more than ride a skateboard. After school Chip would run home, grab a snack and his skateboard, and head for the city park. Chip's dad said that he had had a skateboard when he was Chip's age. However, Chip knew that it could not have been as special as his skateboard. Chip's skateboard was painted in a wild yellow and blue design. There were lots of scratches on it from all of the spills he had taken. When he was learning to do tricks on the skateboard, he had fallen down a lot. Now, however, he had learned how to do tricks on his skateboard. He was so good that all of the other kids just stood back and watched.

Today was no different from any other day. Chip came home and grabbed some cookies. He changed into his shorts and kneepads and headed for the park. When he got to the park, his friends were waiting for him near the skateboard ramp. One by one, the boys rode their skateboards up the ramp and flew high into the air. They landed on the ground, crouched down over their skateboards. Chip was very good at jumping off of the ramp and could fly higher than any of the other kids.

That afternoon a light mist began to fall out of the cloudy sky. The sky darkened and the boys decided that it was time to go home. Before everyone left, Chip wanted one more turn on the ramp. Chip pushed his skateboard up the slippery ramp and flew into the air. Something was wrong! The skateboard slipped just as it went off the ramp and Chip landed flat on the ground. The boys could hear the sickening crunch of bones as Chip landed on his arm. Chip moaned as he lay on the ground holding his arm.

Eddie, Chip's best friend, ran home to get Chip's dad. Soon, Chip's dad came in the car and took Chip to the hospital. That evening, Chip lay in the hospital bed holding his arm, which was in a long, white cast. All of his friends from the park were standing around him looking at him with sad eyes.

"It's OK," said Chip. "I did a stupid thing by riding the skateboard in the rain. I won't ever do that again and neither should any of you guys!" Eddie spoke up and said, "Well, since you have a broken arm, can we sign your cast?" When the boys left an hour later, Chip wore a brightly colored cast and a big smile on his face. Even though his arm was broken, it was great to have friends who cared!

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